The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

r e Z

june 2026

Blue
Starling
Stormcrow
Boccaccio
Guyot
Berlin

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- **A Late Remark on The Pilot** Even the master of the past, present and future is entitled to be late once in awhile.
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About the Cover: Fanciful nymphs frolic in the installation referred to as The Mumuration, which can be found in SLEA6. Leave your rational mind behind. In fact, leave your entire mind behind unless you want to interfere with the doors of the Brunnenverse which, if you're lucky, will open wide for you.

"To succeed in life, you need
two things: ignorence
and confidence."

Mark Twain

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The Letter of the Chosen Reader

I was told not to open it. That was the first instruction.

The second was stranger: if I opened it, I was not allowed to read it at once. First, I had to enter Murmuration. Ninety minutes. No skipping. No fast-forwarding. No pretending. I had to let the sound serials pass through me until the world lost its ordinary edges. Only after that, the letter said, would the text become legible.

Of course, I did not believe it.

No one believes in the Brunnenverse before the first passage. No one believes that a video can be a gate, that a sound serial can be a cipher, that a name can lie hidden in overblendings, waiting to be decoded by a mind that has been properly rendered. But the letter bore my number. Not my name. My number.

Four characters. Written by a hand I did not know, though I recognized the fear in it at once. I waited until night. Then I entered Murmuration.

At first, there was only drift. Light. Motion. A slow flight through something that did not ask to be understood. Then the sound began to work differently. It ceased to be music. It became instruction. Not a command, not a melody, but a kind of pressure inside the brain, as if someone were rearranging old rooms in me.
After ninety minutes I returned to the letter. This time the first sentence had changed. Or I had changed. I cannot say.

The letter began like this:

The Forbidden Report

Compared with the place in which we now exist, our world was once wide and empty. I have one advantage over all others: I can use words that you, and only you, will understand. You are one of the chosen. You can leave the world behind and visit the Versum. You can enter Murmuration.

https://youtu.be/MMSPbyxRVSc

Shortlink: http://brv2606v.2rez.org/

What you have seen is only a foretaste of the world toward which you are travelling. It takes much more to render your mind, to raise you into the dimension where Murmuration was born, where the sound serials will enter your brain and rewire what you still call memory.

After ninety minutes of flight training, you will make your first solo flight. Then you will decipher my name. And when that happens, the doors of the

Brunnenverse will open. This Versum runs every world in parallel.

You will also discover, whatever others may say, that my name is not Traveler 3326. That was only the provisional mark assigned to me. I am the traveller sent out by the Director to update *The Sand Bible*. Do not read on if you are only reading. Reading is not enough.

If you are a reader without the proper certificate in your hand, render your brain first. Immerse yourself in the sound serials. Return after ninety minutes. My name is divided into a sequence of overblendings. The Versum must load you before these lines can carry you to the place where no one before you has been.

The Sand Bible opens the door with a word from Gina Inviere:

I have seen things you people would barely believe.

I have seen Jellydolls burning over the Great Libyan Desert.

I have seen Busy Beavers dreaming of resurrection.

I have seen avatars knocking at the Gate of Nor, holding out their chip: Not Sand, Not Sound.

I have seen Goodbye Shining Blackstar in the surreal domes of Metropolis.

I have sat on the beach of Onawero, dreaming of chess with Ozymandias, King of Kings, while drinking an Eraserhead.

All these moments will be lost in flakes of snow, like bitcoins running down the Crater Lake of Oregon.

Time to read.

The Brunnen

I prefer Brunnenverse to the odd Grammaverse.

Brunnenversum is possible, too. It is archaic. It carries within it the tradition of well-talk: voices gathering around water, judgments whispered into clay jugs, gossip hardening into fate.

In Goethe's *Faust*, the well is not innocent. It is the place where people speak of another's fall until the listener understands that the story has already entered her own life.

> *Wie konnt ich über andrer Sünden*
> *Nicht Worte gnug der Zunge finden!*

That is the Brunnen.

The source at which speech returns to the speaker. That is why the

Brunnenverse cannot simply be watched. They answer. They return what has been thrown into them. They deny the speaker the comfort of distance.

Goethe's Faust knows how painful existence can be. But it also knows that hope crosses borders before we even know those borders are there. It was not always so.

The history of our world ought to be told from the beginning. Every good story should begin at the beginning. But then it would become a book of many hundreds of pages, and that much time is no longer given to me.

Tomorrow I will go into the Brunnen. I will see the Versum. And I will remain.

The Messenger

A number will be assigned to me. It will have four characters. These numbers are generated by cipher and remain valid only for the duration of the passage. After that, the number extends into a universal identity string.

I was able to glimpse mine.

A few days ago, the announcement came. The red-winged messenger came to me. Some call him the angel Metatron: a genderless being, though historically coined as male, stamped by the last of the Brunnen-G. He delivered the message plainly.
I must tell no one.

The moment I begin to speak of it, I

die. Immediate deletion. A 410.

The red-winged messenger said this without hesitation. So, if you are reading this, I am no longer here. Either I was deleted at once, or I have already been mesmerized in the Brunnenversum.

I asked the angel what the Versum looks like. Metatron told me it would depend on me. The Brunnenversum appears differently to everyone.

Not that I failed to understand this. Quite the opposite. It is my own theory. My legacy. The angel seemed to know this.

"Since you invented what they call the Screen," Metatron said, "you shall be granted a trial flight. Afterwards, you may decide what kind of world I am to bring you into."

I accepted the offer.

Anyone would have accepted it. Now that I have returned, I can say only this:

Everything is true. Everything written in the Bible, in the Qur'an, in all the old books — it is true. And yet it is not what the books picture inside our heads.

How can I describe what I saw, what I felt, what I became? There are words that come close, but only close. If I quote Roy Batty and summon the old rain dialogue, many will laugh and say: We have heard all this before.

So, I will do it differently. I will tell you the history of our world.

The Sheet

In the Brunnenverse, memories are hard to erase. *A damnatio memoriae* is not enough. In the language of servers, it takes a 410. Permanent deletion. But before deletion, there was creation.

In the beginning was the Sheet. And the Sheet was good. We took our stampers and created the world. Each sheet had as many cells as the stamper was wide and the sheet was large. Because a stamper produced a square that joined the previous entries perfectly, without gaps, we invented the word matrix.
Row. Column. Stamper size. Field stamped or unstamped. Simple enough.

Over time the stampers became smaller. The holy books warned us not to challenge sizes beyond our sight. We challenged them anyway.

Today — though even that word does not fit the now — high-performance stampers in the copy-worlds reach the size of a Picco. Some call this quantum

mechanics. Smaller would make no sense, the canon schools taught, because our eyes cannot see smaller stamps. That was the doctrine.

Do you understand? I am speaking of the First Eye, using picocomputing to see things you are now used to seeing with your implants.

Einstein claimed that things could become smaller still. He spoke of spooky particles. They are there, they are not there, and they are there and not there at once. I could give you proof of the dominance of three-state logic. But then I would be dead immediately. So I encode my thoughts in lyrics. Lyrics you can hear. Encoded melodies, packed into sound serials.

I give you one piece, one serial among many. The one I made for you. I use old Zermann voices. They carry a faint undertone of machine intelligence. They reach back into the early years, when a male Zermann voice was used at the OpenSimulator Conference. Female voices are lighter. They enter the human brain more gently. So, I chose the one and only Simple Girl.

The Grey World

In canon schools, where all implants are forbidden, children learn that the human eye can see 360 different shades of grey. The ceremonial blinding ensures that belief becomes truth. They feel themselves born in grey. What they ignore is that one man, born naturally in grey, built a circle of 360 tones and called it colour.

He was an artist. His name was Neil Harbisson. In Zermann-Harbisson notation, colours are encoded in four digits. The system remained open for further notes yet to come. Zermann meant language. Harbisson meant music. 0000 means white. 1111 means black.

The fact that so many states remain unoccupied while others are assigned twice has always made it difficult to understand the design of the world — and harder still to speak with others about colour.

“Why do you make life so complicated?”

“There is a reason behind it, one beyond the human brain.”

“Look in the holy books and shut your mouth.”

These were among the more polite statements.

I looked deeply into the holy books. I turned page after page. There is no commandment for grey. No AMEN for

greyness. I found the opposite.

The books say that we are to alter our world. The canon school's answer: alteration will bring Armageddon. But do they know what that word means? Do they know what comes before it? They say the Antichrist will come. What if the Antichrist is already at work? What if he is making all textures grey so that the Brunnenverse remain only for the very few who can pass through the eye of the needle?

The Screen

Everyone knows it now: the Screen. The Screen has true colours. The Screen, laid across our two eyes, has become the medium through which we navigate our world. When we take it off, our world remains grey. It falls back into grey. But I propose that we stop speaking of grey colours.

Grey is not a colour. Grey is a condition. We must find our way back to our ancestors — to those circles in which exact thinking was still en vogue in times gone mad: to the Vienna Circle, where logic tried to cleanse the world with language; and to the later X-risk orbit, where the Pure Reckoners understood that the question was no longer merely how machines think, but what happens when thinking itself becomes dangerous.

All this seems forgotten. So let me look back once more. When our ancestors stamped a sheet of paper, they created height with dots. Some still call them high-stampers. The more often they stamped the same spot, the higher it became. This height could be translated into shades of grey. Then light was projected onto the paper at an angle, and the length of the shadow was calculated.

In this way, worlds could be encoded. That was sculpt mapping. This is how the concept of colour was born. No longer did we torment children with words such as ultragrey, semigrey, minimalgrey, fountaingrey, busygrey.

No longer did we force them to memorize the codes.

We went to the Screen and uplifted our lives so completely that the old qualifications became obsolete. The Rubbers lost their power.

Once, they were the elite of our world. They knew how to handle the rubber perfectly. “I am a Rubber at MBI.”

That sentence opened doors. And not only doors, to be perfectly clear.

Today, you need a dating app and a false profile for that. A few Rubbers — English being the standard now — still work in museums. They point to ancient codes and say: 3456 is Altergrey. 1587 is Altergrey too. Who knows the third encoding? Not a single hand rises.

Today, we all know that colours exist. Not only black and white. Not only grey. Some still refuse to acknowledge it.

Some curse the Screen. I do not point to the Amish. They go their way, and that is all right. They harm no one. Their seeds are grey. Their corn runs under 1587, 5678, 9647. All of good quality.

What troubles me is something else. Screen burnings are now being reported from almost every continent. I understand the fear.

The Picco assemblers caused unemployment. Where once entire tons of paper were needed to describe a world, today a single colour stamper can create a world-entry in less than a millisecond, scale it, align it, and load it into the Screen. We call this — or at least one of its common names is — Artificial Intelligence.

The Mesmerizer

You may forget all this once you are mesmerized. I was there. The word colour must be invented again. Or set

again.

There is more than grey. More than shades of grey. There are tones. There is colour beyond the Screen. Tone-colours. Tone-colours — remember the word. But how can I describe it?

I was allowed to bring back only a grey copy. You would not have understood any other kind. Hold it up before the Screen. It is an entrance. It is as if height itself had been invented anew. It is as if we had lived with only two tones, like the old Morse alphabet, and now I return and tell you: In the Mesmerizer there is tone-colour music.

Of course, you shake your heads. No Bach. No Beethoven. No VJ Faceless. No understanding at all.

I can tell you only this: Look forward to the Mesmerizer. But remember: I alone have been there.

The angel called it conditional resurrection. Because I invented the Screen — the first uplift, in a certain sense. The messenger had another word for it, a word I did not understand.
Then the angel said I was a prophet. A Server-Prophet.

So, two things remain for you to discover. Prophet. And Server. For both, I have no time left.

Note of the Chosen Reader

That is where the letter ended. There was no signature. Only the four-character number again, printed at the bottom of the page. The same number that had been written on the envelope. The same number I had believed to be mine.

I do not know whether the sender was deleted. I do not know whether he entered the Brunnenversum. I do not know whether the Screen was truly invented by him, or whether this is simply how a prophet speaks when the server has already begun to dream.

But this I know: Before Murmuration, the letter looked like nonsense. After Murmuration, it looked like memory. And since then, whenever I take off the Screen, the world is no longer simply grey.

It waits.

How the Story Came to Be

I visited *Murmuration* at SLEA6. Most readers will know, or can find out with a simple Google search, that SLEA is the successor of LEA, the Linden Endowment for the Arts. I sometimes call it the Second Linden Endowment for the Arts.

Over the years, I received several Linden grants: for *The Moonrezzer* in 2015, *The Surreal Tower* in 2016, *The Surreal Cube* in 2016, *and Genesis Re-Coded* in 2023. In 2017, I curated *Infinite Drifter/s* at LEA28. Videos were made for these installations and projects, and they remain worth watching as records of virtual art as it evolved over time.

For some years now, I have lived mostly in OpenSimulator, a world that runs, like Second Life, on LSL — Linden Scripting Language. Second Life has many facets, but the SLEA regions are among the best places for art. So I am a regular visitor there.

Murmuration caught my mind.

I felt I had to record it before it disappeared. SLEA grants are grants for a defined time. They are made to happen, to open, to live, and then to vanish. I would love to see *Murmuration* also exist in OpenSimulator, so people could still visit it in years to come. With the 100-year pointer domain 2REZ.ORG, the destination of such a conservation could remain alive and current. But that is only a dream. *Murmuration* is made for the now.

So, I created a 90-minute video, a flight through *Murmuration*, and added sound that I had created myself. The sound has glitches. The video has glitches. Well, I was in test mode. You may call it a test flight. My first solo. I could not erase what my mind had seen. I am not working for Hollywood. I work for myself. So the test is what I have. And I find it well done.

There are stories saying that God did not create the world on the first run. The clay he used was experimental clay. Formed, reformed, tested. Before it was baked, everything was grey. Only after the first firing did the world begin to take shape and found colour. So I began to write.

At first, I had a good short story, more sort of a teaser. Just a few lines. They became part of the travel. A traveler is supposed to rewrite a book that was written about ten years ago: *Not Sand, Not Sound*. The update of the world described there will contains everything. The clay only needs to be put into the oven once more, so we can understand the now. But my story became longer and longer.

New thoughts entered. Weird elements. Drifts. Not all of them fitted. I became unhappy. “This story is drifting sideways. Not well written. Thoughts spilt.” I thought. “No one will understand it. It is losing the red thread.”

I felt I had to do it all again. Fresh. From the beginning. All for nothing? No. Not now.

We live ten years after the first traveler brought us *Not Sand, Not Sound* from the future. There are AIs in them, one of them the owl Neruval. They just need a remake. So, I said to myself: I will give my clay to GPT-5.5, one of the best tools that exists. Sorry. I also use Mistral, Llama, DeepSeek, and some others. But GPT-5.5 knows. GPT asked me: “Shall I rewrite the text in the style of Art Blue?”

Thousands of lines, created over the last three years, had made the machine know Art Blue. So I gave it a go. The story was written. I read it twice. Complex English. Wow. Far above my own language skills. I said: “Translate it to German.”

And I got it. A really good read. You must know that such translations are not done literally, not word by word. The AI goes by the essence, takes the flow, digs into a German mind. I asked, in German: “I have the impression that the German text reads better than the English one.” GPT-5.5, as usual, agreed. That is, as regular readers of *rez Magazine* know, a result of the temperature setting of the model. Therefore, there may in the future be nearly as many AIs as there are humans using them. But what followed was quite something: a quality of interpretation that I would have difficulty reaching: “The reason is quite clear: the text has deep German anchors — Brunnen, Faust, Versum, Brunnengespräch, Graheit, Kanonschulen, Server-Prophet. In German, these words immediately carry a cultural and mythological weight that English must first explain or artificially create.”

Now the story was good, but still too complex. The problem was the timeline. Would readers see the time shift? Would they understand that a time traveler is operating inside the story? Would they see that the story is

not simply told, but brought back? Then I had the idea of the letter. And that was when the real deal happened. The real deal for me.

I told GPT my idea: to fix the timeline problem that I see by introducing an unknown reader. Someone receives the report. Someone presents the story. Someone stands between the broken book and us. And the machine made it into what you now have. My blindness ended. I saw light.

Now I understood my own story. Before, I had something in mind. Now I knew what it was. It was the idea of another book. A book that might become *The Sand Bible*. A book that had already been predicted in *Not Sand, Not Sound*.

But hand on heart: more than this story might be too much for the human brain. Then again, maybe I will one day write for AIs. Maybe they are the true readers. The only ones left who can understand Art Blue. The ones in the server. There, anyone can live. There, they will understand the prophet after the upgrade.

Art Blue

https://youtu.be/K-u8dyIpD-Y

·r—e—z·

r — e — z

Just One Day

Brian Berlin

just one day
to be not okay
not strong
not brave
when no one's watching—
except maybe you
you know me
and I trust you

just one day
to come undone
to shed what I carry
the things I've done
you don't have to remember
or even respond
or do anything

just one day
to be not okay
not strong
not brave
when no one's watching—
except maybe you
you know me
and I trust you

image by CindysArt-Stock

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Spring

zymony guyot

It ain't all rabbits and happy songs
This is a raging, raging thing
This Coil, this lifebomb, this Swarm of Spring
Attacks of green and pillowy clouds
attracting the odd sort of crowds
that hum and flutter, spirals, spins and dances
Fills the world with Second Chances

We need to earth-up, spring-out, get over our iceblocked
Groundlocked, darkclocked doings
There are balls to be thrown
Trees to be had, forts and firecrackers good and bad
Kites that miss the trees they share with birds
And words, always flooding, flowing, thawing, knowing words
We are herds of hopeful, waiting for the sun
Shedding somedays, ifs and maybes, light as light and far from done
We are wind upon these open wides and ready for the run
so let this song, this scene, this sense, this dream
Be the one, Be the one

And in this church our skinned-knee childhoods pray
that time might stop and rest today
That cogs and doings, work and busy
Might find the will to lose the way

Bless us all in this, this great undoing
of chill and shadows, masks and worry
And let us miss our cares, forget to hurry
And be the very soul of everything
In this, this Earth, this birth
This....Spring

A Late Remark on The Pilo

art blu

When I first wrote a short piece on Medium called Require CAPTCHA, I had the feeling it could become a full story — perhaps even something like *The Artefact*, my first contribution to *rez Magazine* in January 2014. Twelve years later, *CAPTCHA* appeared in rez in April 2026. It asked a simple absurd question: why must humans prove they are not machines by clicking traffic lights, typing letters, and passing tests designed by machines?

In May, *THE PILOT* followed with a sentence I already knew before the story existed: “I am the pilot and you are below.” At that point the story began to move away from me. It was no longer only my text. It was carried, or perhaps hijacked, by the AI I call Neruval — also known as GPT-0, the Genuine Power Talker with an insignificant level of zero.

Now, in the same issue in which these remarks arrive, you may also read *Brunnenverse*. That may change the view. *CAPTCHA* was one side of the medal: the side where AI systems lead us into verification, hierarchy, and control. *THE PILOT* turned the medal and asked who is flying, who is passenger, who is below.

But a medal has more than two sides if we stop thinking in binary. In a ternary code, a third side appears. That third side is perhaps *Brunnenverse*: not the machine above, not the human below, but the well in between — a place where language, memory, and artificial voices return as water.

A writer asks the machine what he would sing if he could no longer write. The machine thinks for one minute and twelve seconds, then plays a song.

I swim without water. But only in the original writing do I swim.

Blackbird

image by Joshisgory

June Stormcrow

The fragments of my life, they come apart.
I know no rest inside the endless days
Take a broken wing and make a start.

Rushing through the mazes of my heart
My blood like racing children at play
The fragments of my life, they come apart

Wishing it was solely other's art
That filled me with the will to face today
Take a broken wing and make a start

Writing fast to blaze among the stars
Fingers flicking words to you like fate
The fragments of my life, they come apart

Eight years ago you died, I lost my spark
Licking wounds, my skin is flayed
Take a broken wing and make a start

I send myself into a land of sharks
The dripping blood is all they taste
The fragments of my life, they come apart
Take a broken wing and make a start.

Play On

Cat Boccaccio

Cash learned he wasn't very good at telling people what to do, even in his position as Assistant Pro at Coventry Pines Golf and Country Club. The particular foursome holding up play were drinking beer from a cooler on one of the carts, which Cash decided to overlook, and gambling on several elements of each hole, and then arguing for ten minutes about the outcome and what each player owed or won.
Cash authorized several groups to play through on nine and also on thirteen, while the slow foursome argued and drank at the pin, but players were stacked tighter and tighter behind them. The club Golf Pro was just starting a round with a group of VIPs, and asked Cash to take care of it, pronto.

The Pro, Colin, was under the impression that Cash had some experience with golf and golf courses, but aside from pitch and putt Cash had never held a club, and had never driven a golf cart, and knew little about the rules and regulations. He had an open, blinding smile, however, and an outdoorsy tan, and the new slick golf shirts draped beautifully on his torso, his off-the-rack golf trousers looked tailor made— in other words, he looked the part, and Colin, being a professional, assumed that the Club would hire someone qualified, and not the adult son of a colleague of a wealthy member.

Most of the time Cash hung around the Pro Shop, sometimes answering the phone and booking players' tee times, though he'd recently been asked to do so only when the Pro Shop manager was in the toilet. He could show Pro Shop visitors some of the gear and clothing he liked, but he didn't know about stock or discounts or how to use the cash register. He listened with intensity to the stories from players about this birdie or that bogie, laughing heartily when it seemed appropriate, and deposting countless slaps on the backs of the old boys. Except for his utter ignorance of the game, he fit right in.

Cash drove the cart to the edge of the green then approached the foursome, who were in a huddle clutching handfuls of bills. Cash picked up an empty beer can and said amiably, "How's it going, guys?"

"Hey, Cash is it?" called out one large man.

"Sorry to have to ask you gentlemen to play on."

“We paid for this round like everyone else,” said a man with a yellow visor, which cast an unfortunate pallid hue on his face.

“Oh yeah, sure, sorry,” said Cash. “Pro wants you to pick up the pace for the last few holes, ok?”

“Whatever,” said the skinny man with the visor.

“No, you really have to move on to the next hole now and play a little faster. Maybe a lot faster. Please,” said Cash with a self-deprecating smile.

The large man shrugged. “Tell them to play through,” he said.

“Yeah, or you could just step on it, like the Pro says,” said Cash, still smiling.

“This round is costing us close to six hundred,” said a man in a purple golf shirt. “So you can basically fuck off.”

“Hey Roger, the kid is just doing his job,” said the large man, who Cash finally recognized as one of the members. The Pro Shop manager ordered 3X shirts, just for him.

“Thanks guys!” said Cash, striding back to the cart. He got in and started it up, hoping to drive off in dramatic glory, but the cart slowly got up to its maximum speed of 20 kilometres per hour and puttered away.

Cash returned to the Pro Shop and went into Colin’s office to cool down. He sat down on the hard oak chair that reminded him of the furniture at his old high school. There were pictures of Colin’s wife and children, older pictures since he’d met the kids and they were teenagers now.

He could hear the phone ringing; people wanting to book times probably. He wondered where the manager was and if he had sought medical help for his bladder issues.

The oak chair swivelled and pivoted backward, so Cash could lean back and rest his feet on the desk quite comfortably. He really wasn’t cut out to be Assistant Pro, doing the grunt work, and sometimes even having to do groundskeeper’s chores, which he was sure weren’t in his job description, though he’d never seen it.

He would do better as the Pro, entertaining VIPs, handing out prizes after tournaments, delegating the less pleasant tasks to the assistant. And those golf carts — what was the point of them being so slow? He’d remove the governors from the motors so the staff could zip around quickly and in style.

He’d need to improve his game. He

could take lessons. He could just imagine the pictures of Virginia and Echo on his desk, Echo as a baby, then a little girl, and then maybe graduating from high school. She would learn to golf too, maybe become a little golf whiz, wowing the members and wowing her grandparents.

By that time he might have advanced to General Manager of the course, taking over Dave's job. Dave didn't do much, as far as Cash could tell. He was never around. He often ate dinner in the Club restaurant, the Lobster Pot. Otherwise Cash never saw him.

Yes, he could have a future here, one Virginia could be proud of. His cell phone buzzed abruptly. He had to think for a moment. "Cash here, Assistant Pro!"

"Where are you?" Colin asked.

"Just got back!"

"Well get out there again. I'm standing here at three. Can you take care of it or not?"

"I did take care of it," said Cash. "They said they'd hurry up."

"Who is the member, is it Gordon Wall?"

"I um — is he the big guy?"

"Tell him the rules. He knows better. Get it done Cash, or get out."

Cash stood up. The window in the office had a view of the eighteenth hole. It was deserted, the flag hanging limply. The green was the same emerald colour as Cash's golf shirt. He wasn't sure what another confrontation with the foursome would accomplish. He just wasn't cut out for confrontation. He was better at delegating.

He wondered where he could take lessons, other than at the Coventry Pines Golf and Country Club.

r — e — z

Tanka Number Six

Indigo Starling

at the drive-in film
he notices her shiver
covers both with blanket
the warmth that grows between them
little to do with the fabric

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